

The most lamentable Tragedie

Exit all but *Marcus* and *Titus*.

*Marcus*. My Lord to step out of these drie dumps,  
How comes it that the subtil Queene of *Goths*,  
Is of a sodaine thus aduanc'd in Rome.

*Titus*. I know not *Marcus*, but I know it is.  
(Whether by deuise or no, the heauens can tell.)  
Is she not then beholding to the man,  
That brought her for this high good turne so farre.

Enter the Emperour, *Tamora* and her two sonnes, with the Moore  
at one doore. Enter at the other doore *Basianus* and  
*Lavinia*, with others.

*Saturnine*. So *Basianus*, you haue plaid your prize,  
God giue you ioy fir of your gallant Bride.

*Basianus*. And you of yours my Lord, I say no more,  
Nor with no lesse, and so I take my leaue.

*Saturnine*. Traytor, if Rome haue law, or we haue power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this Rape.

*Basianus*. Rape call you it my Lord to ceaze my owne,  
My true betrothed loue, and now my wife:  
But let the lawes of Rome determine all,  
Meane while am I possesse of that is mine.

*Saturnine*. Tis good sir, you are very short with vs.  
But if we liue, wee be as sharpe with you.

*Basianus*. My Lord what I haue done as best I may.  
Answer I must, and shall doo with my life,  
Onely thus much I giue your Grace to know,  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This Noble Gentleman Lord *Titus* heere,  
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,  
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,  
With his owne hand did slay his youngest sonne,  
In zeale to you, and highly mou'd to wrath,

To

of *Titus Andronicus*.

To be contrould in that he frankelie gaue,  
Receauie him then to fauour *Saturnine*,  
That hath exprest himselfe in all his deedes  
A Father and a friend to thee and Rome.

*Titus*. Prince *Basianus* leaue to plead my deedes,  
Tis thou, and those, that haue dishonoured me,  
Rome and the righteous heauens be my iudge,  
How I haue lou'd and honoured *Saturnine*.

*Tamora*. My worthy Lord, if euer *Tamora*,  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then heare me speake indifferently for all:  
And at my sute (sweete) pardon what is past.

*Satur*. What Madam, be dishonoured openly,  
And basely put it vp without reuenge.

*Tamora*. Not so my Lord, the Gods of Rome forsend  
I should be Author to dishonour you.  
But on mine honour dare I vndertake,  
For good Lord *Titus* innocence in all:  
Whose furie not dissembled speakes his greefes:  
Then at my sute looke graciously on him,  
Loose not so noble a friend on vaine suppose,  
Nor with sowre looks afflict his gentle hart.

My Lord, be rulde by me, be wonne at last,  
Dissemble all your greefes and discontents,  
You are but newly planted in your Throne,  
Least then the people, and Patricians too,  
Vpon a iust suruay take *Titus* part,  
And so supplant you for ingratitude,  
Which Rome reputes to be a hainous sinne.  
Yelde at intreates: and then let me alone,  
Ile finde a day to massacre them all,  
And race their faction and their familie,  
The cruell Father, and his trayterous sonnes,  
To whom I sued for my deere sonnes life.

C.

And